

SONNET _ X I V*



([HEN him controlling, that he left
undone, Her eyes' bright circle thus did
answer make; " Rest's mist, with silver cloud,
had closed her sun. Nor could he draw them,
till she were awake." " Why then," quoth I, "
were not these leaves' dark shade Upon her
cheeks, depainted, as you see them ? " ⁴⁴ Shape
of a shadow cannot well be made ' " Was
answered "for shade's shadows, none can eye
them !" This reason proves sure argument for
me, That my griefs image, I can not set out;
Which might with lively colours blazed be.
Wherefore since nought can bring the means
about, That thou, my sorrow's cause, should
view throughout; Thou wilt not pity me !
But this was it! ZEUXIS had neither skill, nor
colours fit.

- S O N N E T XV.



JjHERE, or to whom, then, shall I make
complaint ? By guileful wiles, of mine heart's
guide deprived! With right's injustice, and
unkind constraint: Barred from her loves,
which my deserts achieved! This though thou
sought to choke, far more revived Within
mine restless heart, left almost senseless. O,
make exchange ! Surrender thine, for
mine ! Lest that my body, void of guide, be
fenceless. So shalt thou pawn to me, sign for
a sign Of thy sweet conscience ; when I shall
resign Thy love's large Charter, and thy
Bonds again. O, but I fear mine hopes be
void, or menceless ! No course is left, which
might thy loves attain, Whether with sighs I
sue, or tears complain I